MARVEL

1985 SUMMER SPECIAL CLASSIC

£1.20 US $3.95 CAN $5.95

DOCTOR WHO

HAIL CAESAR!
HAIL CAESAR!
OH, YOU'RE TOO KIND... BUT I'M JUST-- THE DOCTOR!

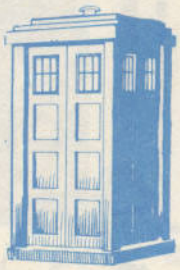
TIME LOOPS

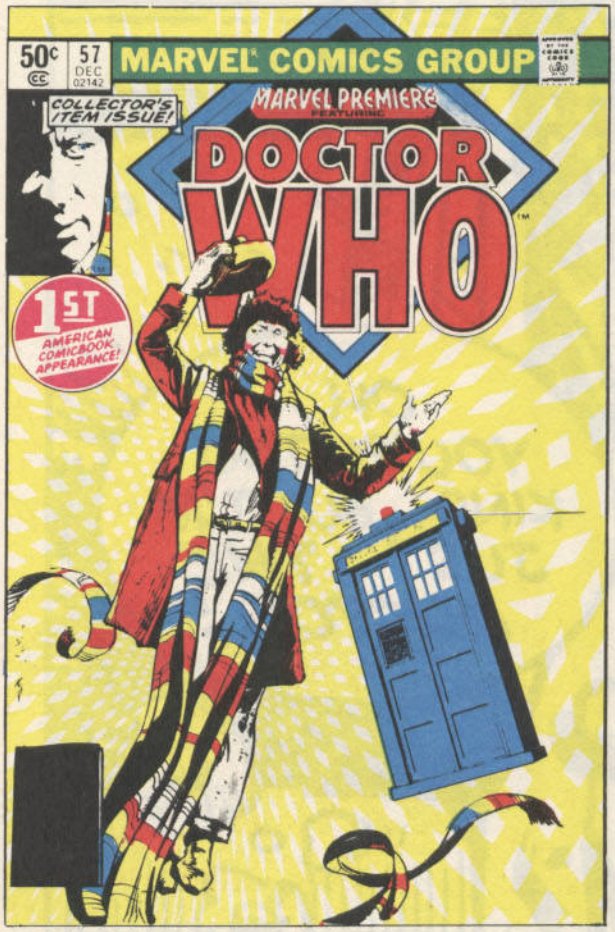
Deja Vu. Not an unfamiliar experience for the Doctor or his devotees. And that's why I've called you here for another audience with the Time Lord that really started the Marvel ball rolling . . . way back in 1979, when the Doctor's current monthly magazine was but a winsome weekly. The Doctor was, of course, the Tom Baker incarnation, whose offbeat adventures and eccentric style assured him the status of the longest-running regeneration in the TV series.

Marvel's contribution to the *Doctor Who* mythos began with the comic strip scripted by Pat Mills and drawn by Dave Gibbons. The story, *The Iron Legion*, set the standard for the future, and the *Doctor Who* comic strip became one of the most popular home-grown endeavours from Marvel UK. It's not especially difficult to see why. Pat Mills caught the irreverent tone and ironic banter of the Doctor perfectly, and Dave Gibbons' dynamic, panoramic artwork produced spectacles on a scale undreamt of by the TV series.

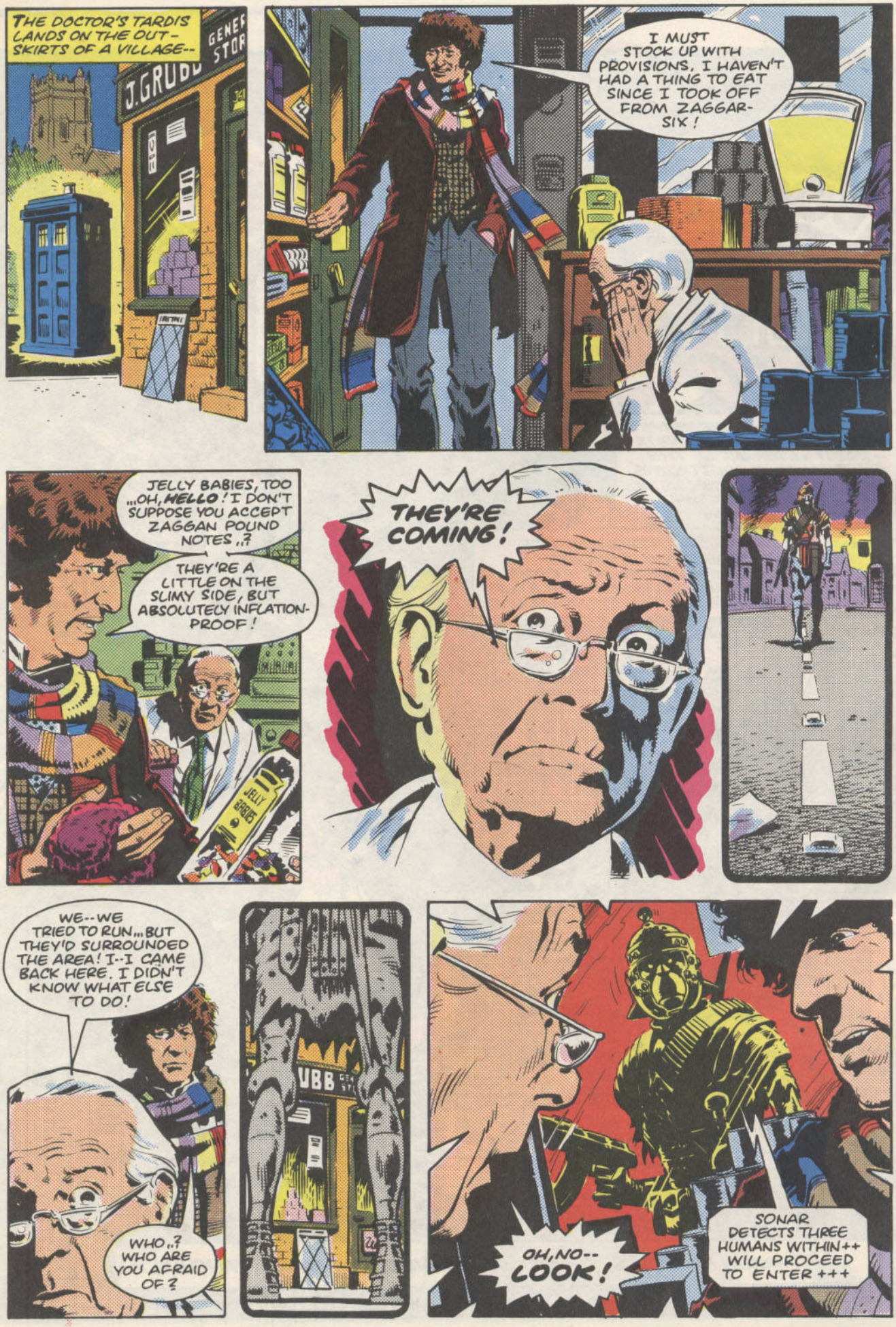
So now we've come full circle. And in the tradition of prime-time TV repeats, we are re-presenting, chronologically, the serialised *Doctor Who* comic strip, in full colour and featuring complete stories in a glossy new package. As a bonus, Dave Gibbons has designed a new cover which has been, I'm sure you'll agree, beautifully finished by John Higgins. For those who missed the American version of *The Iron Legion*, we've presented the covers below.

More *Deja Who*? Well, that all depends on you. Write and let us know what you think.



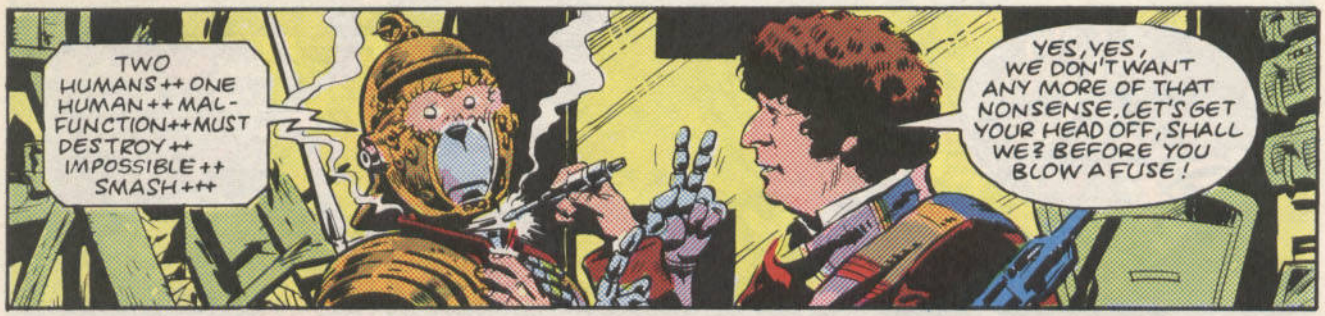


Stan Lee PRESENTS:
DOCTOR WHO
AND THE IRON LEGION
THEY FOUGHT THEIR WAY ACROSS A THOUSAND PLANETS --ROBOT VETERANS OF THE ETERNAL WAR--DESTROYING, WITH RUTHLESS DISCIPLINE, ALL WHO STOOD IN THEIR WAY!
AND NOW, THE PEACEFUL TRANQUILITY OF THE ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE IS RUDELY SHATTERED AS THEY APPEAR--AS IF FROM NOWHERE--BRUTALLY DRAGGING PEOPLE OUT AND RAZING THEIR HOUSES TO THE GROUND!
AND YET... FOR ALL THE ROBOTS' STRANGENESS, THERE IS SOMETHING... GRIMLY FAMILIAR ABOUT THEM!
WRITER: PAT MILLS / ARTIST: DAVE GIBBONS / COLOUR: YANCHUS

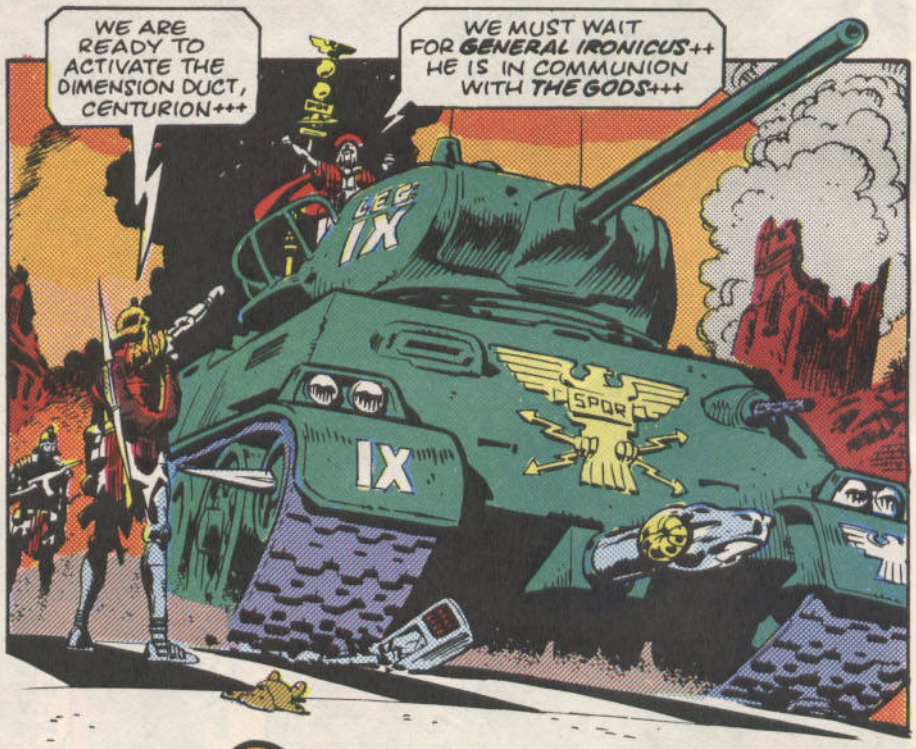

THE DOCTOR'S TARDIS LANDS ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF A VILLAGE--
J.GRUDD
GENER STOR
I MUST STOCK UP WITH PROVISIONS, I HAVEN'T HAD A THING TO EAT SINCE I TOOK OFF FROM ZAGGAR-SIX!
JELLY BABIES, TOO ...OH, HELLO! I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU ACCEPT ZAGGAN POUND NOTES..?
THEY'RE A LITTLE ON THE SLIMY SIDE, BUT ABSOLUTELY INFLATION-PROOF!
JELLY BABIES
THEY'RE COMING!
WE--WE TRIED TO RUN... BUT THEY'D SURROUNDED THE AREA! I--I CAME BACK HERE. I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT ELSE TO DO!
WHO..? WHO ARE YOU AFRAID OF?
UBB
OH, NO-- LOOK!
SONAR DETECTS THREE HUMANS WITHIN++ WILL PROCEED TO ENTER +++

CLOSED
I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU'D CARE FOR A JELLY-BABY?
NO!
REMAIN WHERE YOU ARE, HUMAN+++

YOU KILLED THE OLD MAN -- IN COLD BLOOD!
SONAR NOW DETECTS TWO HUMANS LEFT ALIVE++ INFRA-RED VISION REVEALS ONLY ONE++ CHECK DATA+++
GIVE ME THAT GUN!
GET BACK-- OR I FIRE+++
THE DOCTOR'S TWO HEARTS CONFUSE THE ROBOT...
SONAR DETECTS TWO HEART BEATS++INFRA-RED REVEALS ONE HUMAN ++CONCLUSION: IMPOSSIBLE ++ MALFUNCTION++ IMPOSSIBLE+++
YES, I KNOW I'M IMPOSSIBLE! NOW HAND OVER THAT GUN!

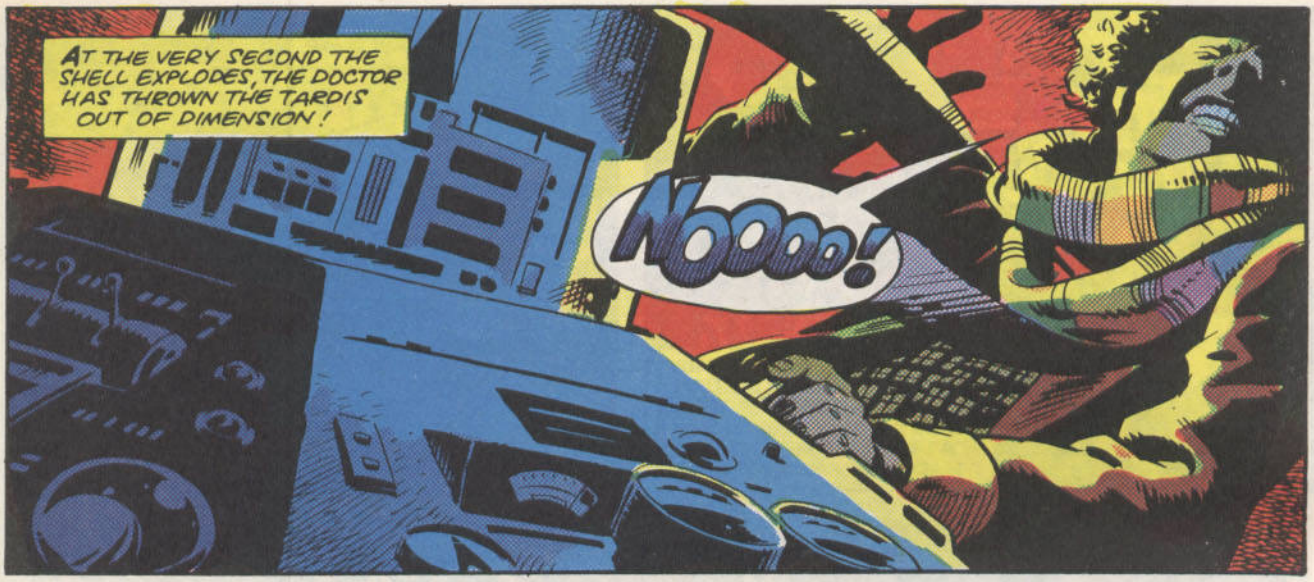

TWO HUMANS++ ONE HUMAN++ MAL-FUNCTION++MUST DESTROY++ IMPOSSIBLE++ SMASH+++
YES, YES, WE DON'T WANT ANY MORE OF THAT NONSENSE, LET'S GET YOUR HEAD OFF, SHALL WE? BEFORE YOU BLOW A FUSE!

ABSOLUTELY FASCINATING... "FIRST COHORT OF THE NINTH LEGION"!


WE ARE READY TO ACTIVATE THE DIMENSION DUCT, CENTURION+++
WE MUST WAIT FOR GENERAL IRONICUS++ HE IS IN COMMUNION WITH THE GODS+++
IX
SPQR

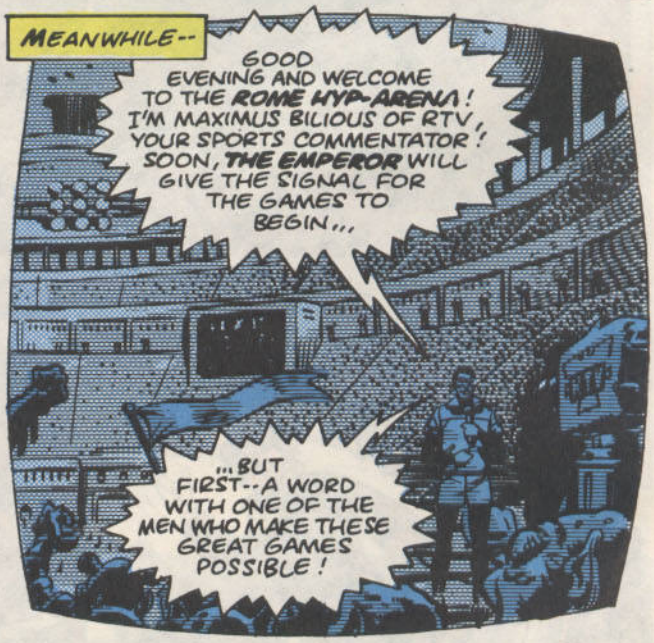
INSIDE THE BALLISTA...
OH, GODS... HOW I LOVE WAR. LET THERE NEVER BE AN END TO MY CONQUESTS. LET MY IRON LEGION MARCH FOREVER FOR ONLY THROUGH DESTRUCTION AM I ALIVE. AND WITHOUT DEATH, I AM A DEAD THING.
OH, GODS... LET THE ETERNAL WAR THAT HAS LASTED THROUGH THE MILLENNIA CONTINUE... UNTIL THE END OF TIME!
THE GODS HAVE LOOKED UPON WHAT YOU HAVE DONE, IRONICUS, AND FOUND IT... EVIL!
GO IN DARKNESS, MY SON.

YOU MAY SPEAK TO ME NOW. MY PURPLE LIGHT IS ON
THE DIMENSION DUCT IS READY FOR YOUR GLORIOUS RETURN, GENERAL++ ALL COHORTS REPORT VICTORY++ ONLY ONE CASUALTY -- A LEGIONNAIRE WHO HAS HAD A BRAIN SEIZURE+++
AT THAT MOMENT, THE DOCTOR LEAVES THE SHOP...
AH..! ER, WELL, THAT WAS REALLY MY FAULT..!
YOU WILL COME WITH US+++
IN THAT CASE, I'LL JUST GET MY TRAVELLING HAT ... HERE-- YOU'D BETTER LOOK AFTER THIS!
OPEN FIRE!
AAAAHH!


AT THE VERY SECOND THE SHELL EXPLODES, THE DOCTOR HAS THROWN THE TARDIS OUT OF DIMENSION!
NOOOO!

MINUTES LATER--
SORRY ABOUT THAT, OLD GIRL ... IT DIDN'T GO DOWN VERY WELL WITH ME, EITHER...

...WE SEEM TO BE CAUGHT IN SOME KIND OF DIMENSIONAL DISTURBANCE!


MEANWHILE--
GOOD EVENING AND WELCOME TO THE ROME HYP-ARENA! I'M MAXIMUS BILIOUS OF RTV, YOUR SPORTS COMMENTATOR! SOON, THE EMPEROR WILL GIVE THE SIGNAL FOR THE GAMES TO BEGIN...
...BUT FIRST--A WORD WITH ONE OF THE MEN WHO MAKE THESE GREAT GAMES POSSIBLE!

THIS IS BARBARIUS, KEEPER OF THE MONSTERS. HOW ARE THINGS LOOKING, BARB? MONSTERS IN GOOD FORM?
UH, GREAT, MAX. THE ZARKS HAVE BEEN ON BREAD AND WATER FOR A WEEK AND THEY'RE FIGHTING FIT! WE'VE GOT SOME FIRST-RATE KILLER KRONKS FROM THE CRAB NEBULA, ALL EARTH-TRAINED.

AND WHAT ABOUT THE ECTOSLIME, BARB? I'VE HEARD THERE'S BEEN SOME TENTACLE TROUBLE THERE...
NO, MAX, THEY'RE IN TOP SHAPE. THERE'LL BE SOME FUN IN THE ARENA WHEN THE ECTOSLIME COMES IN!

GOOD TO HEAR, BARB! THERE ARE SOME BIG SESTERCES RESTING ON THE SLIME...
...AND NOW, A NEWS-FLASH!

GENERAL IRONICUS AND HIS IRON LEGION ARE RETURNING IN TRIUMPH FROM THEIR LATEST CONQUESTS--THROUGH THE DIMENSION DUCT! THE CROWDS ARE SURGING FORWARD TO SEE CAESAR'S RIGHT-HAND ROBOT!
S.P.Q.R.
NOW GENERAL IRONICUS HAS ENTERED THE ARENA AND IS TAKING HIS PLACE IN THE IMPERIAL BOX AND...YES.... YES...
I HEAR, CITIZENS, THAT THE EMPEROR IS READY TO ENTER...WE'RE TAKING YOU OVER THERE...
AND HERE HE COMES... THE EMPEROR ADOLPHUS CAESAR! RULER OF THE EARTH! MASTER OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM AND THE GALAXY BEYOND!
HAIL CAESAR!
HAIL CAESAR!
OH, YOU'RE TOO KIND...BUT I'M JUST--THE DOCTOR!
TAKE HIM!
SOME CONFUSION IN THE IMPERIAL BOX, CITIZENS... WAIT! HERE COMES THE EMPEROR NOW!
VRMMM! BLAMM! ANOTHER PLANET WIPED OUT!

I AM THE EMPEROR ADOLPHUS AND I CAN DO WHAT I WANT!
OF COURSE YOU CAN, CHILD. BUT IT IS TIME FOR YOU TO OPEN THE GAMES!
OH, VERY WELL! I DECLARE THESE STUPID GAMES OPEN!
AVE, CAESAR! MORITURI TE SALUTANT!
THE DOCTOR REALIZES THE TRUTH--
AN ALTERNATIVE EARTH WHERE ROME NEVER FELL...! BUT, INSTEAD, DEVELOPED A SOPHISTICATED TECHNOLOGY AND--WITH ITS ROBOT LEGIONS--CONQUERED THE ENTIRE GALAXY!
IS IT NOT A PROUD ACHIEVEMENT, DOCTOR?
IT'S APPALLING! WHAT ON EARTH'S THE POINT? I MEAN...DON'T YOU FIND ALL THAT MARCHING AND CONQUERING RATHER BORING, GENERAL?
NO.
AND THE CARNAGE OF THE ARENA?
IT KEEPS THE MOB AMUSED!

THE CROWDS ARE AT FEVER-PITCH! AND, ANY MOMENT NOW, TONIGHT'S STAR-TURN ... THE ECTOSLIME, WILL APPEAR!

YOUR MACHINE CAN OBVIOUSLY TRAVEL IN OTHER TIMES AND DIMENSIONS, IT WILL BE USEFUL NOW THAT ROME HAS CROSSED THESE FRONTIERS.
POLICE
YOU WILL TELL ME ITS SECRETS, DOCTOR!

AND IF I REFUSE?
YOU'RE AN INTELLIGENT MAN, DOCTOR. I THINK YOU KNOW THE ANSWER.

I'D RATHER DIE THAN HELP YOU TO CONQUER EVERYTHING IN CREATION!
VERY WELL. THROW HIM TO THE ECTOSLIME!

PUT YOUR GAS-MASKS ON, CITIZENS! IT'S YOUR FAVORITE AND MINE... THE ECTOSLIME! WILL THE DOCTOR BE ITS CXXIV VICTIM OF THE SEASON?
AS 'ECCY' FANS KNOW, THE MONSTER STUNS ITS VICTIMS WITH ITS ODOUR BEFORE LIQUEFYING AND DRINKING THEM!
>GASP!< THAT SMELL!
DO YOU MIND IF I BORROW YOUR TOASTING FORK?
NOW THE ECTOSLIME IS MOVING IN FOR THE KILL!
MAYBE I'VE COME ACROSS THIS CREATURE BEFORE... PERHAPS IT'S GOT SOME WEAKNESS...
MUST GO THROUGH MY MEMORY FILES! LET'S SEE...' ABOMINABLE SNOWMEN... AUTONS ... AXOS ...'
THE DOCTOR IS DEFENDING HIMSELF ...BUT A TRIDENT IS LITTLE USE AGAINST THE SLIMY WONDER!

NOW THE DOCTOR IS ON THE GROUND! IT'S NEARLY OVER! THE CROWDS ARE GOING CRAZY WITH EXCITEMENT!
ONLY GENERAL IRONICUS CAN STOP THE MONSTER FROM DELIVERING THE DEATH BLOW!
DEMONS... DALEKS... DINOSAURS...' AH, HERE WE ARE... 'ECTO-SLIME--DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTIC...'
UP IN THE IMPERIAL BOX, GENERAL IRONICUS IS STANDING UP..! THE CROWD WAITS FOR HIS SIGN! WILL THIS GREAT ROBOT SOLDIER SHOW MERCY..?
WHIRR!
NO!... AND SO, ECCY CLAIMS ANOTHER VICTIM, AND... WAIT! SOMETHING STRANGE IS HAPPENING... THE DOCTOR IS SPEAKING TO THE ECTOSLIME IN AN ALIEN TONGUE AND THE MONSTER IS STARTING TO VIBRATE..!
I'M SORRY HUMANS COULDN'T APPRECIATE IT... BUT IT WAS A VERY ALIEN JOKE!' THAT'S THE THING ABOUT ECTO-SLIME--THEY HAVE A HIGHLY DEVELOPED SENSE OF HUMOR!
...IT'S NATURE'S WAY OF MAKING UP FOR THEIR APPEARANCE!
BRING ME THE DOCTOR!

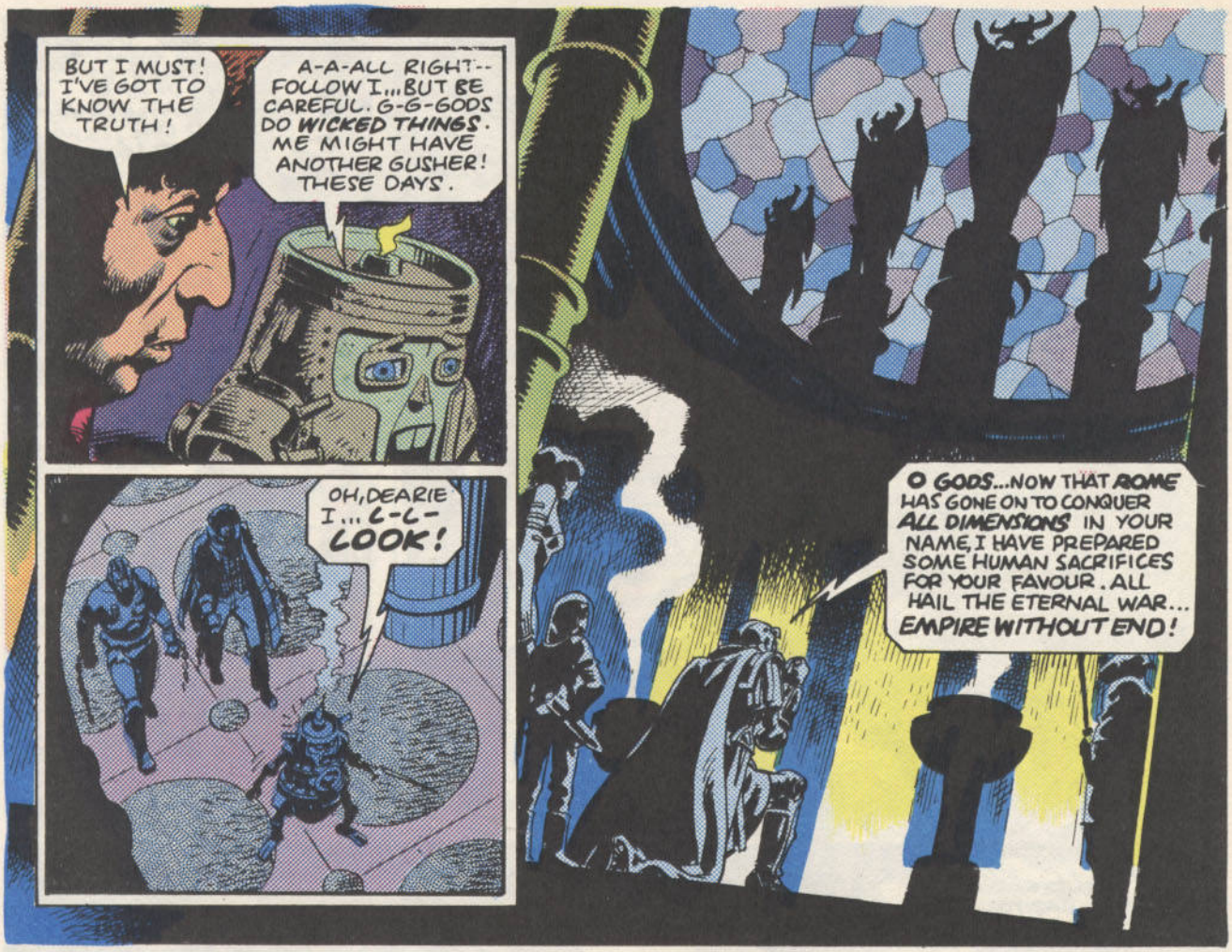
I'LL TRY AND TRANSLATE THE JOKE IF YOU LIKE, IRONICUS. YOU SEE, THESE THREE ALIENS WALK INTO A BAR AND THE FIRST ALIEN SAYS...
SILENCE! YOU MAY NOT SPEAK TO ME! MY LIGHT IS NOT ON!
AH, YOU'VE HEARD IT BEFORE!
YOU HAVE MOCKED ME FOR THE LAST TIME, DOCTOR! WE SHALL SEE WHETHER YOU CAN REMAIN SMILING AS...
A SLAVE IN THE IMPERIAL AIR GALLEY!
ROW, PIGS! MAKE THOSE PROPELLERS... SPIN!
LATER, THE AIR GALLEY, WITH THE ROYAL FAMILY ON BOARD, SAILS OVER THE ETERNAL CITY--TOWARDS THE TEMPLE OF THE GODS...
INSIDE...
I'VE HEARD OF WAYS OF SOLVING THE FUEL CRISIS... BUT THIS IS TOO MUCH!
GENERAL IRONICUS LIKES THIS METHOD OF PROPULSION!
HOW COME YOU NOT AFRAID OF ME? OTHER SLAVES AFRAID OF MORRIS! OVERSEER AFRAID OF MORRIS! EVERYONE AFRAID OF MORRIS!
MY DEAR CHAP, WHY ON EARTH SHOULD I BE AFRAID?
YOU NOT THINK MORRIS... UGLY?

COMPARED TO THE ECTOSLIME, YOU'RE ALMOST HANDSOME!
THAT GOOD! MORRIS LIKE!
I'M SO GLAD. AS WE'RE TO BE TRAVELLING COMPANIONS, MORRIS, PERHAPS I SHOULD INTRODUCE MYSELF. I'M THE DOCTOR.
MORRIS KNOW LOT OF DOCTORS! THEY GO PATCH ME UP WHEN I TRY ESCAPE. I TRY MANY, MANY TIMES. AND EVERY TIME I TRY...
...I HURT MYSELF!
THE ROYAL FAMILY PASSES DOWN THE GANGWAY...
PUT YOUR BACKS INTO IT, SCUM! CAESAR WANTS TO FLY FASTER THAN THE EAGLES!
CAESAR'S MOTHER... THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT HER...
WHAT UP, DOC..?
I'M NOT SURE, MORRIS. FOR A MOMENT, I THOUGHT I CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF SOMETHING... TERRIBLE! IF I'M RIGHT, THEN...
I'VE DISCOVERED THE HORRIFYING SECRET OF THE GALACTIC ROMAN EMPIRE!

THE IMPERIAL AIR-GALLEY ENTERS... THE TEMPLE OF THE GODS!
IT'S MORE THAN A TEMPLE ...IT'S AN ALIEN SPACE-SHIP!
WHAT UP, DOC...? YOU CAN TELL MORRIS. MORRIS IS YOUR PAL!
MY MIND'S IN THREE PLACES AT ONCE, MORRIS. WE MUST ESCAPE -- WHILE THEY'RE BUSY DOCKING!
YOU BETCHA, DOC! MORRIS NOT ESCAPED FOR A COUPLE O' WEEKS!
WILL YOUR BIONIC ARM BREAK THESE CHAINS?
YEHHH! MORRIS USED TO BE GLADIATOR -- UNTIL THEY IMPRISON HIM FOR 'SOUPING-UP' HIS BIONIC ARM CIRCUITS!
WATCH!
YES, I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN!
NOW MORRIS GO GET...

...UGLY WID OVER-SEER!
COME ON!
LOOK OUT, DOC..! BELOW US -- THE ALIEN GUARD! PROTECTORS OF THE TEMPLE!
KEEP GOING... THEY WON'T FIRE FOR FEAR OF HITTING THE IMPERIAL AIR GALLEY!
NOW-- SHOOT...! SHOOT TO KILL!
MORE ALIEN GUARDS UP AHEAD...
DOWN!

THE ALIEN GUARDS DESTROY EACH OTHER IN THE CROSS-FIRE!
AAAGGH!
NOW WE GET AWAY, DOC..?
NO--I WANT TO FIND OUT WHAT IS ... HOLD IT! SOMEONE'S COMING!
OH, DEARIE I! WHICH W-W-WAY IS ME GOING? I IS LOST... OHH! M-M-ME IS GOING TO HAVE A GUSHER! THESE DAYS..!
WHAT A STRANGE ROBOT!
...A GUSHER! THESE DAYS-- THESE DAYS-- THESE DAYS..!
LET ME HELP. THIS WHEEL IS A PRESSURE CONTROL, ISN'T IT?
THESE DAYS! OH, TH-TH-THANK YOU, KIND SIR! OH, YOU DON'T KNOW HOW GOOD THAT FEELS... MM! THE RELIEF!
ME'S HANDS ARE TOO TIRED TO TURN I'S WHEEL. METAL FATIGUE, YOU KN-KN-KNOW! ME IS VESUVIUS --THE O-O-OLDEST ROBOT IN ROME, THESE DAYS.
IT WAS A PLEASURE, VESUVIUS. I'LL JUST RELIGHT YOU...
... NOW I WONDER IF YOU COULD TELL ME WHERE I'LL FIND THE GODS, VESUVIUS?
OH, DEARIE I! ME IS VERY FR-FR-FRIGHTENED! DON'T GO NEAR THE G-G-GODS ...IT'S VERY DANGEROUS! THESE DAYS.


BUT I MUST! I'VE GOT TO KNOW THE TRUTH!
A-A-ALL RIGHT-- FOLLOW I... BUT BE CAREFUL. G-G-GODS DO WICKED THINGS. ME MIGHT HAVE ANOTHER GUSHER! THESE DAYS.
OH, DEARIE I... L-L- LOOK!
O GODS... NOW THAT ROME HAS GONE ON TO CONQUER ALL DIMENSIONS IN YOUR NAME, I HAVE PREPARED SOME HUMAN SACRIFICES FOR YOUR FAVOUR. ALL HAIL THE ETERNAL WAR... EMPIRE WITHOUT END!

POOH! GODS NOT FRIGHTEN MORRIS. THEY JUST STATUES
WAIT...
...THE STATUES ARE STARTING TO MOVE!
I PRAYED IT WASN'T TRUE, BUT-- IT'S AS I FEARED! THE MALEVILUS! MOST TERRIBLE OF ALIEN RACES...
...THEY ARE THE GODS OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE!

COME, ADOLPHUS--WE MUST GO. FOR THOSE WHO ARE NOT INITIATED, THE SIGHT OF THE GODS FEASTING MAY BE A LITTLE DISTURBING
AWW, MATER!
THE FIRST PRISONERS FROM OTHER DIMENSIONS --THEY'RE GOING TO BE OFFERED IN THANKSGIVING TO THE GODS!
MORRIS NOT UNDERSTAND, DOC...WHO ARE THESE GODS?
HIDEOUS FORMS OF ANTI-LIFE! THE MALEVILUS FEED OFF DEATH!
RARE AND SUCCULENT DISHES! THIS SACRIFICE IS PLEASING TO US, IRONICUS!
THERE ARE FIVE...BABIYON...! ABISS...! EPOK...! NEKROS...! AND THE MOST FOUL OF ALL... MAGOG!
NOOOO! PLEASE!
THE MALEVILUS MUST HAVE CHOSEN ROME BECAUSE IT WAS SUCH A WAR-LIKE NATION...THEN THEY GAVE IT THE TECHNOLOGY TO EXPAND...MOLDING EVERY CONQUEST FOR THEIR OWN EVIL ENDS...!
AAAAHH!

SOON EVERYTHING IN CREATION WILL BE IN THEIR GRASP --UNLESS WE CAN STOP THEM!
OH, DEARIE I! YES INDEED! ME SHOULD KN-KN-KNOW! ME KNOWS THE GODS' SECRET THESE DAYS!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, VESUVIUS? WHAT IS THE GODS' SECRET?
YOU'LL NEVER FIND OUT! BACK AGAINST THAT PILLAR, BOTH OF YOU!
THE OLD HISTORIAN ROBOT, VESUVIUS! YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN DEALT WITH CENTURIES AGO, BUT I CAN RECTIFY THAT--A QUICK SLUG FROM THE BACT-GUN...
OH, DEARIE I! NO! IT FIRES A M-M-METAL EATING VIRUS...
... AND YOU'LL RUST CLEAN AWUUUUGH!
MORRIS GET UGLY WID YOU!
THE ESCAPED GALLEY SLAVES ... DESTROY THEM!
DON'T BE IN SUCH A HURRY, IRONICUS... I BELIEVE YOU KNOW WHAT THIS DEVICE IS... AND WHAT IT'LL GIVE A ROBOT LIKE YOU...
...ANTS IN YOUR PANTS!

WHAT DO WE CARE IF IRONICUS RUSTS TO DEATH, MAGOG? LET US FEED ON THE INSOLENT INTRUDERS!
YOUR BLOODLUST DOES YOU CREDIT, BABIYON, BUT CLOUDS YOUR JUDGEMENT! IRONICUS IS STILL USEFUL TO US... HE MUST DO AS THE INTRUDER SAYS...
YOU HEARD THE GODS--SHOW US THE WAY OUT, PARROT FACE!
HOW DARE YOU? MY HEAD IS DESIGNED LIKE THE IMPERIAL EAGLE OF ROME!
OH, COME ON, IRONICUS--IT'S A PARROT! AND THAT'S ALL YOU ARE--A PARROT, MIMICKING YOUR MASTER'S VOICE... NOW, KEEP MOVING!
IN THE VEHICLE BAY, AN ATMOSPHERE CRAFT WAS MADE READY, AND--
L-L-LOOK OUT, DOCTOR!
DIE!!
WITH A SUDDEN LURCH, THE AIR-CAR LIFTED OFF...
SEAL THE DOORS! THEY MUST NOT ESCAPE!
HOLD ON-- WE'LL HAVE TO FIND ANOTHER WAY OUT!
PRETTY POLLY! PRETTY POLLY! HURRR!

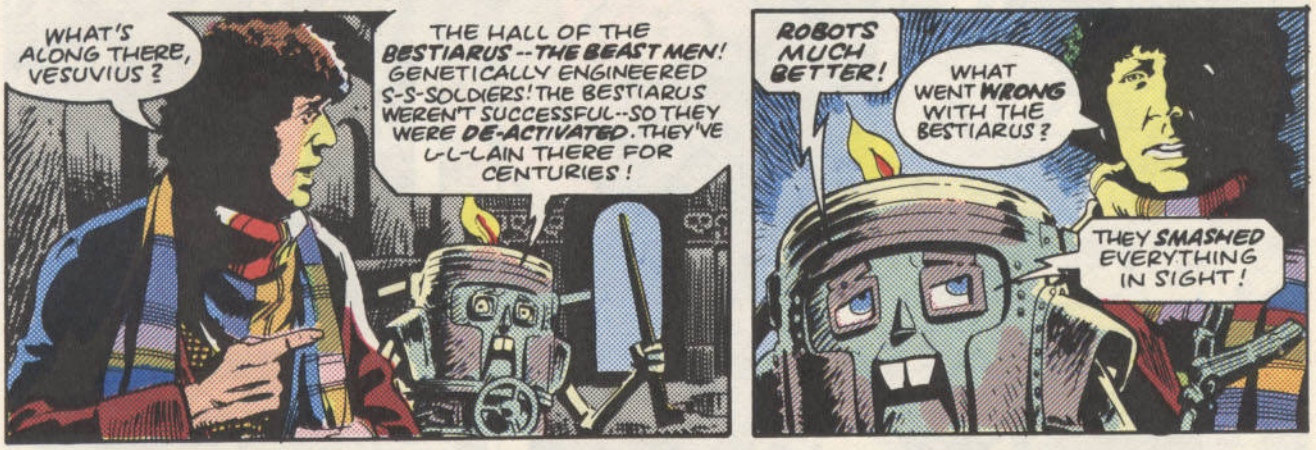
VESUVIUS, YOU SAID YOU KNEW THE SECRET OF THE GODS?
Y-Y-YES... BUT IT'S D-D-DIFFICULT FOR I TO THINK WITH ALL THESE HORRIBLE THINGS GOING ON! THESE DAYS!
IT'S VITAL YOU REMEMBER!
YEHHH! MORRIS HAVE TROUBLE WITH THE REMEMBERING... DOCTORS NOT FINISHED WITH MORRIS YET-- GOTTA DO MORE WORK... IN HERE!
OBSERVATION WINDOW-- IT'S OUR ONLY WAY OUT! IT'LL BE MADE TO STAND UP TO METEORITES, SO WE'LL NEED FULL POWER!
AND, WITH A MIGHTY SHATTERING OF ARMOURED GLASS...
BUT, OUTSIDE THE ALIEN SPACESHIP...
OH, DEARIE I..! ROBOT FLYING SQUAD! WE'RE T-T-TRAPPED BETWEEN THEM AND THE M-M-MALEVILUS! THESE DAYS!

M-M-ME MAY HAVE ANOTHER GUSHER!
HOLD ON, VESUVIUS!
INTRUDERS HAVE DESECRATED THE TEMPLE OF THE GODS ++ ELIMINATE THEM +++
THE MALEVILUS ARE TURNING BACK --THEY DON'T WANT PEOPLE TO SEE THEM AS THEY REALLY ARE!
B-B-BUT WHAT ABOUT THE FLYING SQUAD?
USE THE BACT GUN, MORRIS -- IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!
YEHHHHH!
GERM WAR-FARE ATTACK++ TAKE EVASIVE ACTION++ TAKE EVASIVE ACTION+++
CLXXV

THE METAL-EATING BACTERIA DEVOUR THE ROBOTS ...
FIFTY PER CENT CORROSION++ REQUEST ASSISTANCE++ SIXTY PER CENT CORROSION++ REQUEST ASSISTANCE++OUT OF CONTROL+++
SEVENTY PER CENT CORROSION ++ REQUEST ASSISTANCE+++
EIGHTY PER CENT CORROSION ++CONDITION+ TERMINAL+ +NO LONGER REQUEST AAAAAAAA:
TWO LEFT-- AND THEY'RE CLOSING FAST, DOC!
RUST IN PEACE! HURR, HURR! MORRIS MAKE THE JOKE!
AAAAAH!
THAT'S TAKEN CARE OF THEM! NOW TO GET RID OF THESE MANACLES ...YOUR FLAME COMES IN HANDY, VESUVIUS!
YES, DOCTOR. IT'S M-M-MEANT TO BE THE FLAME OF FREEDOM... BUT THESE DAYS THE ALIEN GUARDS USE IT TO F-F-FRY THEIR KRONKBURGERS ON! IS NOT VERY NICE!

DON'T WORRY, VESUVIUS--I INTEND TO MAKE THE FLAME OF FREEDOM BURN BRIGHTLY AGAIN!
IF ONLY YOU COULD, DOCTOR--B-B-BUT THINGS HAVE BEEN VERY BAD SINCE THE M-M-MALEVILUS LANDED IN ROME...
EL+M+N+++
...THEIR LEADER, MAGOG, HAS T-T-TAKEN OVER THE BODY OF THE EMPEROR'S MOTHER, JUNO--SO HE CAN DIRECT AFFAIRS OF ST-ST-STATE..!
R+P+IR+++
...AND WHEN THE EMPEROR SUCCEEDS TO THE TH-TH-THRONE, HE, TOO, WILL BE TAKEN OVER! MAGOG HAS GREAT P-P-POWERS...HE CAN BE IN MANY PLACES AT ONCE!
G++D+F+TS+++
MULTIPLE METAMORPHOSIS..! I NEVER DREAMED MAGOG WAS SO POWERFUL...NEVERTHELESS, I'VE GOT TO FIND A WAY TO DESTROY HIM, VESUVIUS!
Y+S+J+ST+++
EL++M+N++AT+++
MORRIS!
OH, DEARIE I! MR. MORRIS IS HURT V-V-VERY BADLY! THESE DAYS!

THE C-C-CATACOMBS...! IT'S THE ONLY PLACE US WILL BE SAFE FROM FOOT PATROLS!
LEAN ON ME, MORRIS...
IT'S A MORTAL WOUND...THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO...!
RECKON DOCTORS NOT GO PATCH ME UP THIS TIME, EH, DOC...? NO...NO MORE ESCAPING FOR MORRIS...
I'M AFRAID NOT, MORRIS.
BUT MORRIS...HE... UUUH! HE DONE GOOD, DIDN'T HE, DOC?
YOU DID GREAT, MORRIS. WE'D NEVER HAVE MADE IT WITHOUT YOU!
MOMENTS LATER...
GOODBYE, MORRIS, OLD FRIEND.
POOR MR. MORRIS ...OH, ME D-D-DOESN'T LIKE IT VERY MUCH DOWN HERE, DOCTOR!

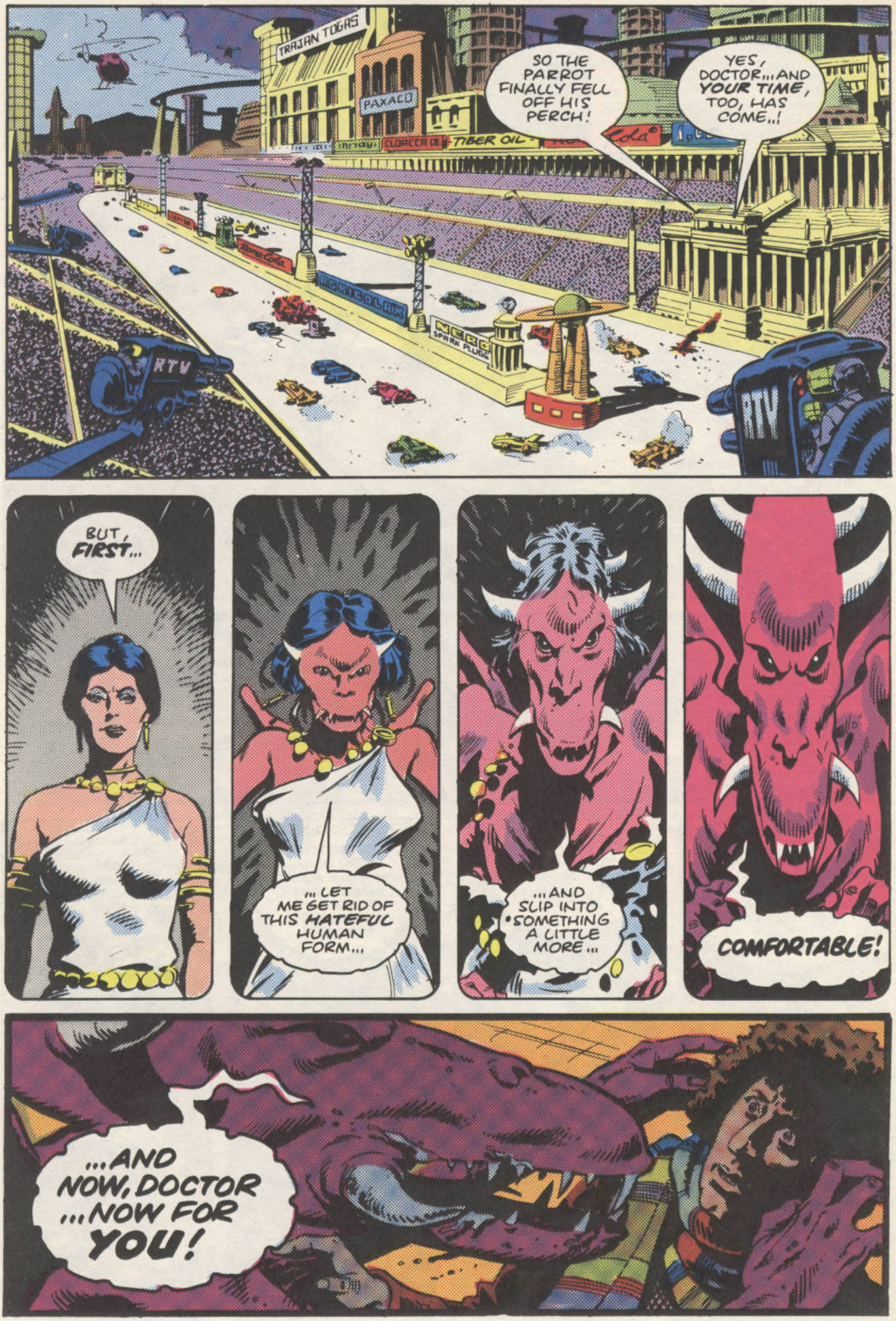

WHAT'S ALONG THERE, VESUVIUS?
THE HALL OF THE BESTIARUS--THE BEAST MEN! GENETICALLY ENGINEERED S-S-SOLDIERS! THE BESTIARUS WEREN'T SUCCESSFUL--SO THEY WERE DE-ACTIVATED. THEY'VE L-L-LAIN THERE FOR CENTURIES!
ROBOTS MUCH BETTER!
WHAT WENT WRONG WITH THE BESTIARUS?
THEY SMASHED EVERYTHING IN SIGHT!

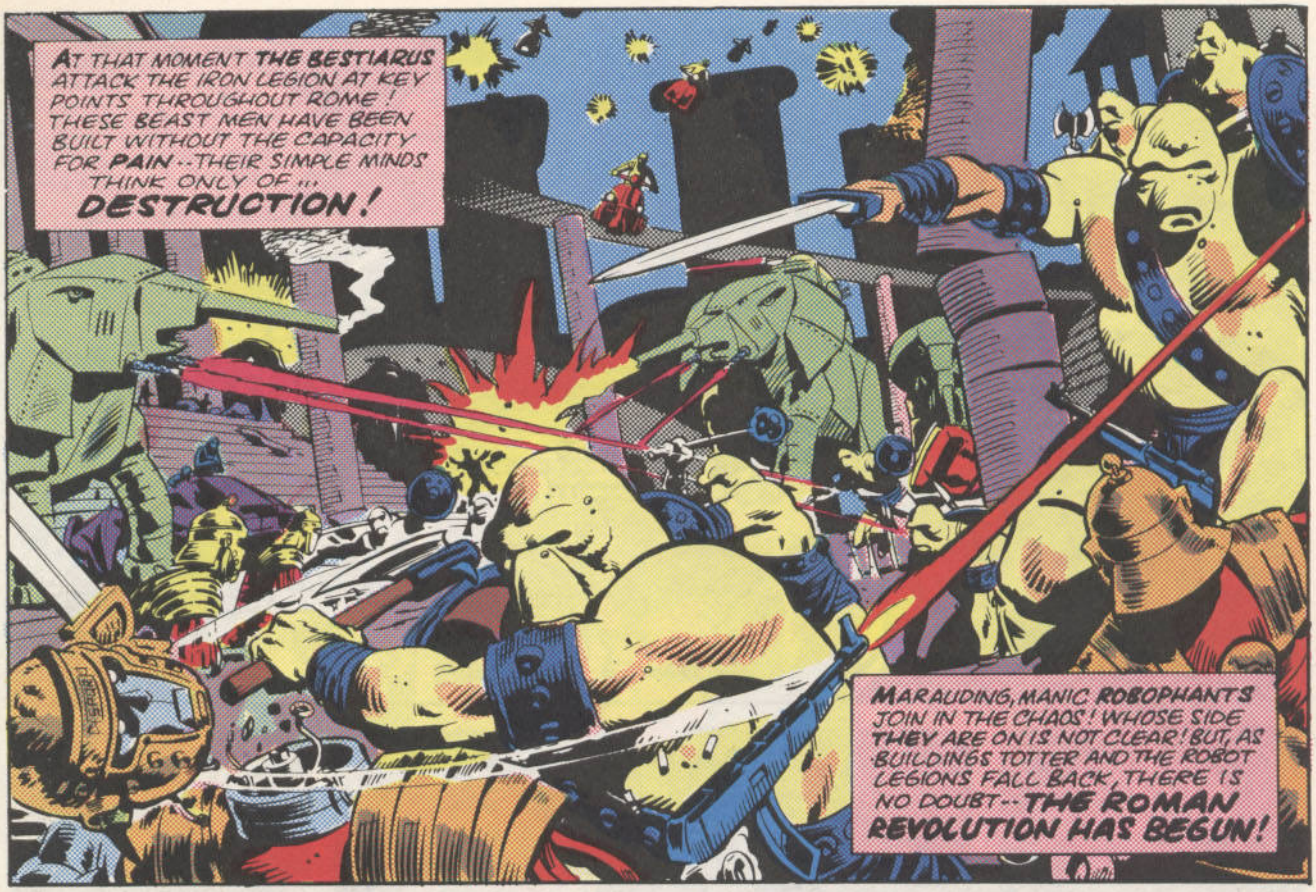
A FEW ADJUSTMENTS TO THIS EQUIPMENT, AND--
NO, DOCTOR! IT'S TOO RISKY! THESE DAYS!
THE BESTIARUS ARE ALL WE'VE GOT, VESUVIUS...WE'RE GOING TO USE THEM TO SMASH THE EVIL OF ROME!

THE DOCTOR REPAIRS THE CONTROL CONSOLE AND THEN... AS RAW POWER SURGES THROUGH THE MACHINES...
...THE BEAST MEN AWAKE!
I'VE PROGRAMMED THE BESTIARUS TO FUNCTION FOR TWENTY-FOUR HOURS ...THEY'LL USE THE CATACOMB SYSTEM TO STRIKE AT STRATEGIC POINTS THROUGHOUT ROME!
YOU'RE GOING TO START A REVOLUTION ...? G-G-GOSH!
WE'VE GOT TWENTY FOUR HOURS TO SEIZE AN EMPIRE! FOR WHOEVER CONTROLS ROME...
...CONTROLS THE GALAXY!
WITH GRIM MENACE, THE BESTIARUS LUMBER TOWARDS THEIR OBJECTIVES...
I HOPE YOU KEPT THE BEAST MEN'S INSTRUCTIONS SIMPLE, DOCTOR... ALTHOUGH THEY'RE S-S-SAVAGE FIGHTERS, THEY HAVE DIFFICULTY UNDERSTANDING THINGS!
YOU MEAN LIKE THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN DOORS AND WALLS...?
EXACTLY, DOCTOR!
AS THE BEAST MEN DEPART...
BUT WHAT ABOUT GENERAL IRONICUS AND MAGOG ..? THEY'LL BE AT THE CIRCUS MAXIMUS THESE DAYS TO WATCH THE CH-CH-CHARIOT RACES!
THEN THAT'S WHERE WE'RE GOING, VESUVIUS -- FOR A FINAL CONFRONTATION WITH MAGOG!

OOOH! THE THOUGHT OF M-M-MAGOG MAKES I GO ALL OF A J-J-JITTER! WOULD YOU MIND CHECKING ME'S OIL LEVEL WITH THIS DIPSTICK, DOCTOR..?
OF COURSE NOT, VESUVIUS!
BZZZ! THAT T-T-TICKLES!
'IT'... THAT'S NOT GOOD! IF ME DOESN'T GET MORE OIL, S-S-SOMETHING VERY UNPLEASANT WILL HAPPEN TO I!
YOU'LL SURVIVE, VESUVIUS... COME ON!
ACCORDING TO THE MAP, THE CIRCUS MAXIMUS IS THIS WAY... OWW! BE CAREFUL WHERE YOU PUT YOUR FLAME!
S-S-SORRY, DOCTOR!
LATER, AT THE CIRCUS MAXIMUS... IN THE IMPERIAL BOX...
THE GODS ARE NOT PLEASED, IRONICUS! IF THERE ARE ANY MORE MISTAKES, I PROMISE IT WILL GO BADLY WITH YOU!
MY IRON LEGIONNAIRES ARE SCOURING ROME, MAGOG! THEY WILL FIND THE DOCTOR WITHIN THE HOUR! THIS I SWEAR!
THEY HAD BETTER FIND THE DOCTOR, IRONICUS... FOR YOUR SAKE!
AT YOUR SERVICE, MA'AM..! OR SHOULD I SAY ...MAGOG!
GOOD AFTERNOON, PARROT-FACE!

SO! YOUR LEGIONNAIRES SEARCH THE CITY, WHILE THE DOCTOR ENTERS THE IMPERIAL BOX, MAKING A MOCKERY OF YOUR SECURITY!
YES, I THOUGHT I'D POP IN FOR A LITTLE CHAT!
MAGOG, I--!
HE'S MADE A FOOL OF YOU, IRONICUS...! AND I DO NOT TOLERATE FOOLS!
MAGOG, PLEASE... I BEG YOU... UUUH! UUUH! UUUH!
WATCH, DOCTOR-- A LITTLE DEMONSTRATION OF MY POWERS!
AAAHH! NO, MAGOG! NO! NO! NO!
YOU SEE? BY THE POWER OF THOUGHT, I CAN CREATE... SPONTANEOUS INTERNAL COMBUSTION!
AAAHHH! AAAHHH! AAAHHH!
NEXT MOMENT, THE BRUTAL ROBOT LEADER OF THE IRON LEGION FALLS...
NO
...TO A TERRIBLE DEATH AMIDST THE HORRORS OF THE CIRCUS MAXIMUS!
AAAGGGHH!
WHERE TOP ALIEN RACING DRIVERS FROM ALL OVER THE GALAXY COMPETE IN SAVAGE CHARIOT RACES!


TRAJAN TOGAS
PAXACO
CLOACCA OIL
TIBER OIL
SO THE PARROT FINALLY FELL OFF HIS PERCH!
YES, DOCTOR... AND YOUR TIME, TOO, HAS COME...!
RTV
NGK SPARK PLUGS
BUT, FIRST...
...LET ME GET RID OF THIS HATEFUL HUMAN FORM...
...AND SLIP INTO SOMETHING A LITTLE MORE...
COMFORTABLE!
...AND NOW, DOCTOR ...NOW FOR YOU!


AT THAT MOMENT THE BESTIARUS ATTACK THE IRON LEGION AT KEY POINTS THROUGHOUT ROME! THESE BEAST MEN HAVE BEEN BUILT WITHOUT THE CAPACITY FOR PAIN--THEIR SIMPLE MINDS THINK ONLY OF... DESTRUCTION!
MARAUDING, MANIC ROBOPHANTS JOIN IN THE CHAOS! WHOSE SIDE THEY ARE ON IS NOT CLEAR! BUT, AS BUILDINGS TOTTER AND THE ROBOT LEGIONS FALL BACK, THERE IS NO DOUBT-- THE ROMAN REVOLUTION HAS BEGUN!

AND, IN THE CIRCUS MAXIMUS...
I AM MAGOG! LEADER OF THE MALEVILUS! THE POWER OF THE FIVE OF THE PENTANGLE RUNS THROUGH ME! HOW CAN YOU HOPE TO MATCH ME, DOCTOR, WHEN I CAN BE IN A HUNDRED PLACES AT ONCE?
AN INTERESTING PARTY TRICK, MAGOG! DO YOU DO IT WITH MIRRORS?

YOU WERE A FOOL TO COME HERE, DOCTOR! I CAN MAKE EVERY FIBRE OF YOUR BEING FEEL THE MOST TERRIBLE PAIN!
I CAN TURN YOUR BODY INSIDE OUT LIKE AN OLD GLOVE!
STRETCH YOU ON A MENTAL RACK ...MORE CRUEL THAN ANY TORTURER'S DEVICE!
THAT... T.V. CAMERA... ONLY... HOPE..!
R'T!!

YOU...YOU MAY KILL ME --BUT YOU'RE FINISHED, TOO, MAGOG! EVEN NOW, THE IRON LEGION IS UNDER ATTACK...AND SOON, THE MOB WILL BE COMING FOR YOU!
AN EMPTY THREAT, DOCTOR! DEATH CANNOT DESTROY ME! I AM DEATH! THE SCUM I RULE OVER WILL HEED ME ...OR FACE MY WRATH!
DESPITE THE TERRIBLE STRAIN, THE DOCTOR MANAGES TO SWING THE CAMERA...
YOU HEAR HIM, CITIZENS OF ROME...! NOW--LOOK ON HIM! LOOK ON YOUR GOD!
LOOK AT THE FACE OF EVIL! THE 'THING' YOU WORSHIP! THE CREATURE WHO HAS DRAINED ALL THE GOODNESS FROM ROME AND, WITH THE IRON LEGIONS, TURNED AN EMPIRE INTO AN ABOMINATION!
EEEEK!
RISE UP, CITIZENS OF ROME! ORGANIC TROOPS ARE ALREADY OVERPOWERING THE ROBOTS! NOW IS YOUR CHANCE TO CONTROL YOUR DESTINY! THE COHORTS OF THE LEGION WHO WILL NOT LAY DOWN THEIR WEAPONS MUST BE DE-ACTIVATED!
AYE! HE SPEAKS THE TRUTH! WE ARE FREE MEN...NOT SLAVES!
DOWN WITH THE IRON LEGION!
THAT MINDLESS RABBLE! I WILL REGAIN CONTROL OF THEM...ONCE I HAVE DEALT WITH YOU, DOCTOR!

I'VE NEVER EATEN A TIME LORD BEFORE! THE VERY THOUGHT OF IT STIMULATES MY SALIVARY JUICES!
I HOPE YOU'VE GOT SOME TOMATO KETCHUP --I'M A LITTLE ON THE TOUGH SIDE, AFTER ALL THESE CENTURIES!
A MOMENT TO SAVOR! I SHALL BE GREATLY SUCCOURED BY SUCH A FEED--AFTER YOU HAVE TOLD ME THE SECRETS OF YOUR TARDIS!
COME ALONG, DOCTOR!
SOON, INSIDE THE TARDIS...
...AND THIS IS THE TIME-SPATIAL MONITOR.
EXCELLENT! WITH THIS MACHINE, MY CONQUEST OF ALL CREATION WILL BE EASIER! NOW WHAT ABOUT THAT BUTTON YOU'RE TRYING TO HIDE, DOCTOR?
WHAT, THAT..? OH, THAT'S JUST THE BUTTON FOR EXTRA SUGAR IN MY TEA!
YOU FORGET -- I CAN READ MINDS! IT'S SOMETHING IMPORTANT, I KNOW! YOU CAN'T ACT THE CLOWN WITH MAGOG, DOCTOR!
IT'S SOMETHING GOOD, ISN'T IT! I WANT IT!
WELL, YOU'VE GOT IT! IT'S IMPORTANT, ALL RIGHT ... IT ACTIVATES A CONDUIT TO AN EMPTY DIMENSION..! 'BYE, 'BYE, MAGOG!
NO...! NOOOOO!

YOU CAN'T DIE--BUT YOU CAN BE CAGED! UNTIL THE END OF ETERNITY, YOU'LL RULE A KINGDOM BEYOND ALL KINGDOMS, MAGOG! FOR NOW, YOU'RE THE EMPEROR OF THE EMPTY DIMENSION! LORD OF NOTHING! KING OF THE BIG ZERO!
MAGOG... WILL... RETURN!
GOOD JOB! EVERY TARDIS CARRIES A SPARE DIMENSION AS STANDARD EQUIPMENT!
MEANWHILE, THE MALEVILUS' SPACE-SHIP IS BESIEGED BY THOUSANDS OF BEAST-MEN!
ACTIVATE! ACTIVATE!
SYSTEMS NOT RESPONDING, BROTHER BABIYON! BROTHER MAGOG HAS DRAINED ALL THE POWER! TRY AUXILIARY!
FOR A MOMENT, THE ALIEN SHIP LIFTS INTO THE AIR...
THEN, WITH A GROAN OF DYING ENGINES, CRASHES INTO THE GROUND --EXPLODING IN FLAMES!
AND--THE TERROR OF THE MALEVILUS IS FINALLY OVER!
SOME TIME LATER...
OH, DEARIE I! ROME IS FREE, THANKS TO YOU, D-D-DOCTOR! ME IS SO HAPPY-- ME COULD ERUPT!
IT WAS YOUR DOING, TOO, VESUVIUS! THAT'S WHY THE CITIZENS MADE YOU THEIR NEW EMPEROR!
OH, YES! OH, G-G-GOSH! SO MANY IMPORTANT DECISIONS FOR I TO MAKE THESE DAYS! LIKE WHAT TO DO WITH THE LAST EMPEROR, LITTLE ADOLPHUS!
THIS ADDRESS MIGHT BE USEFUL, CAESAR ...IT'S A BOARDING SCHOOL ON THE ICE-PLANET CRYOS FOUR, IN A REMOTE CORNER OF THE GALAXY! RUN BY AN ORDER OF LUKRONIAN VORKS--VERY STRICT ON DISCIPLINE, I BELIEVE!
AN EXCELLENT IDEA, DOCTOR! ME WILL WR-WR-WRITE TO THEM IMMEDIATELY!
WELL, GOOD LUCK, CAESAR! I'M OFF FOR A QUIET HOLIDAY, SOMEWHERE PEACEFUL! CHAP I MET SUGGESTED BENIDORM...! SUN, SEA, SAND--AND A LITTLE BIT OF OLÉ!
THE END.

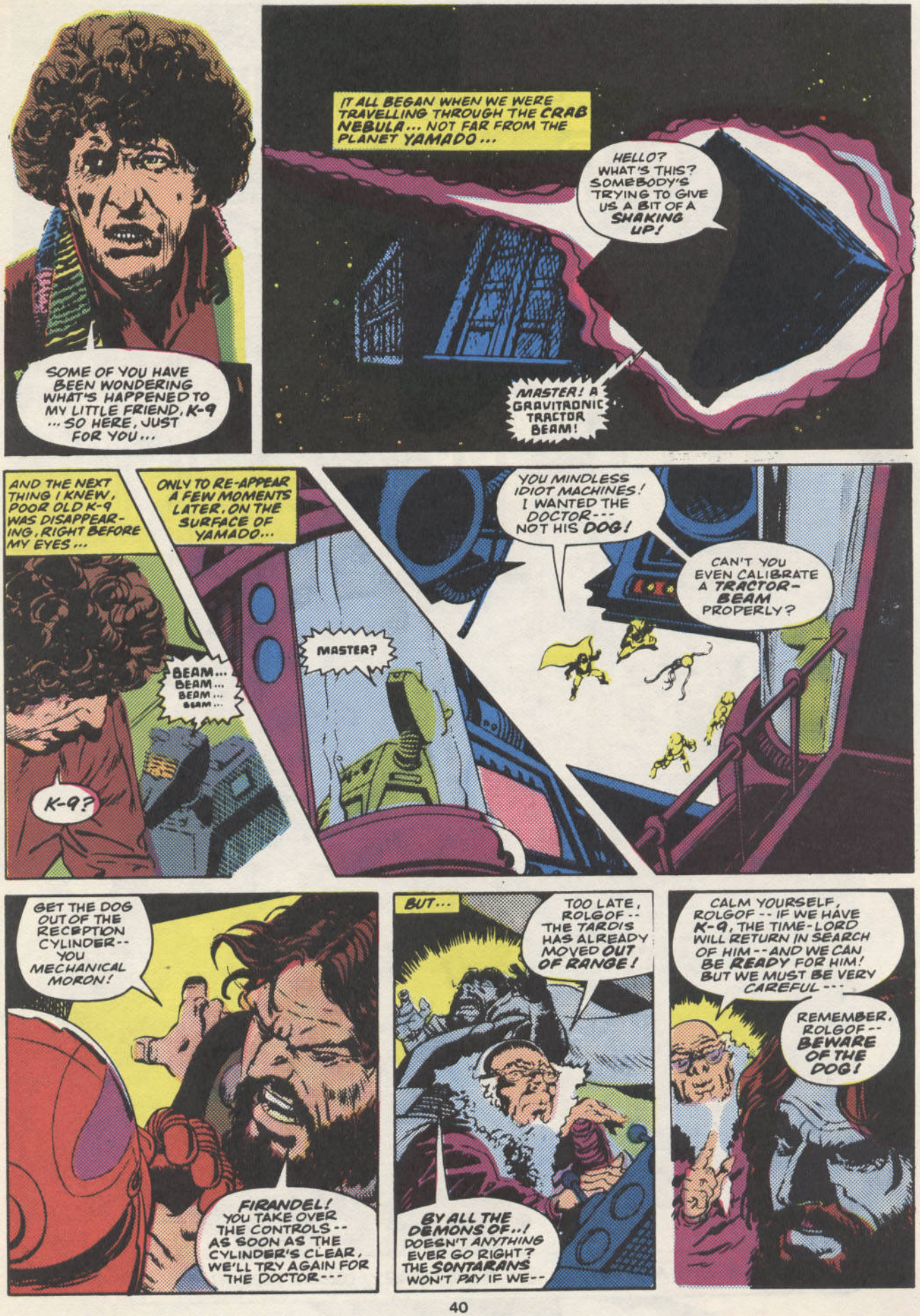
DE LUXE FULL COLOUR EDITIONS

MAKE THIS SUMMER SPECIAL WITH MARVEL

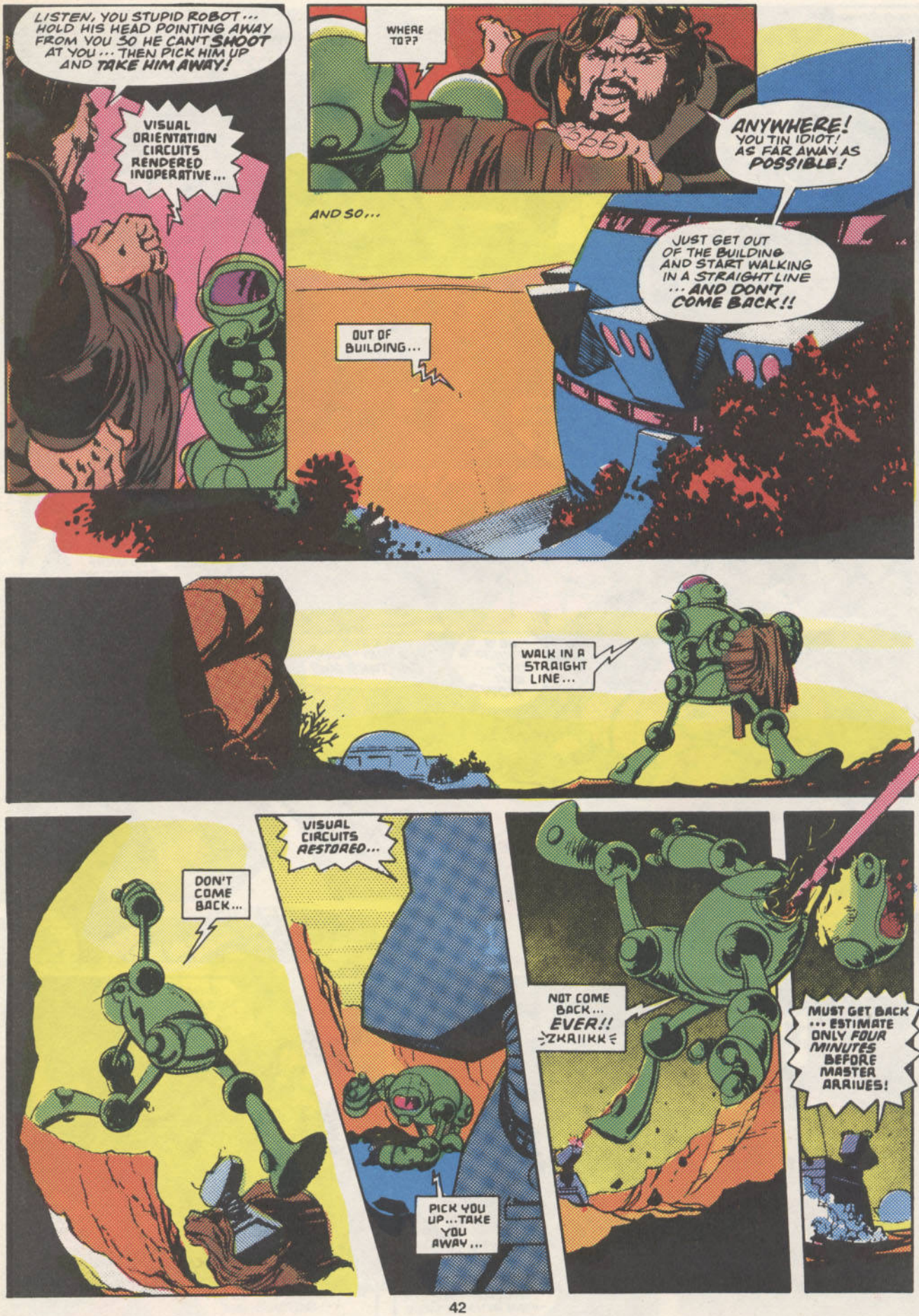
ON SALE END OF JUNE

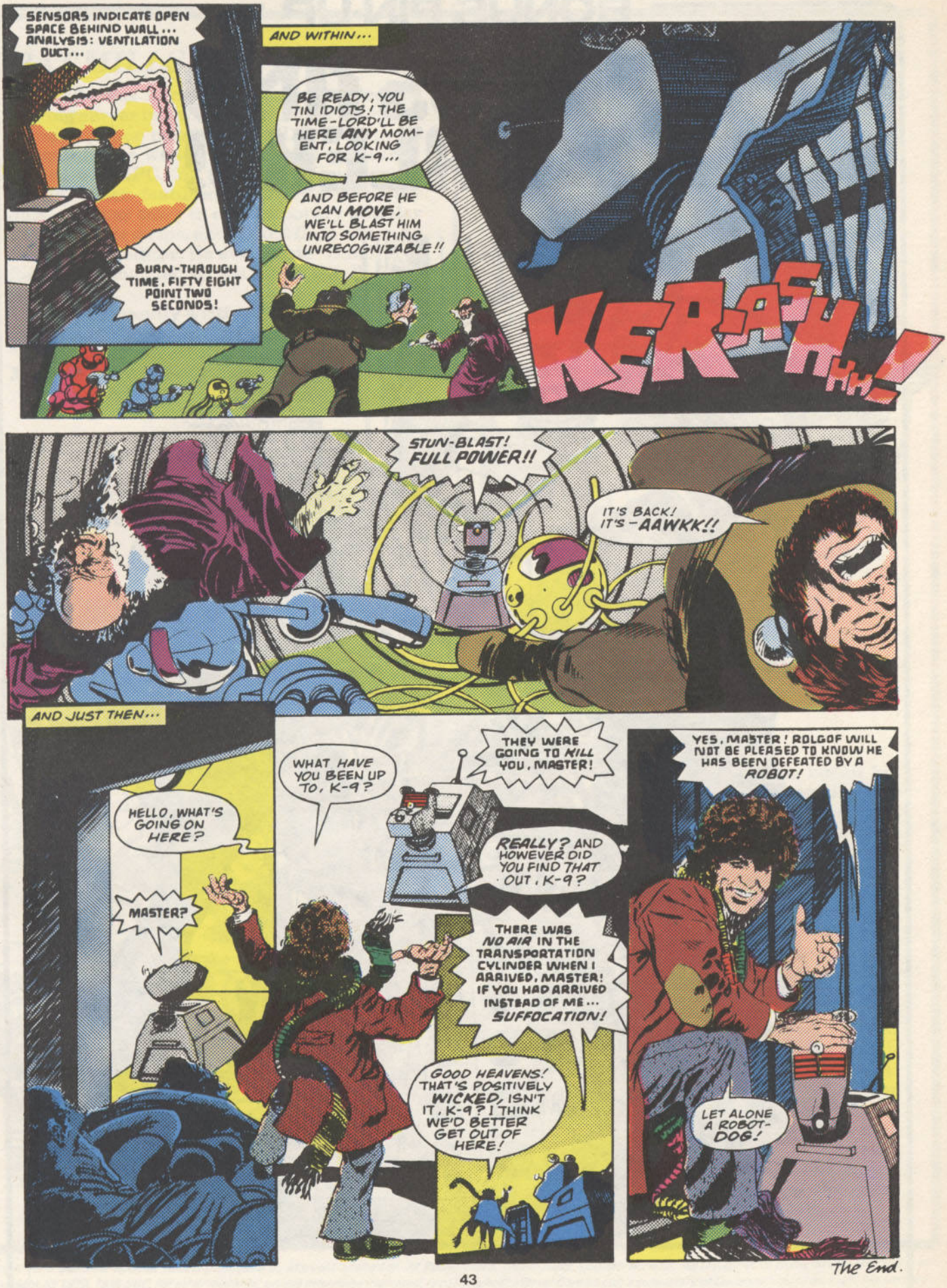
K-9's FINEST HOUR

WRITER: STEVE MOORE / ARTIST: PAUL NEARY / COLOUR: YANCHUS


SOME OF YOU HAVE BEEN WONDERING WHAT'S HAPPENED TO MY LITTLE FRIEND, K-9 ... SO HERE, JUST FOR YOU...
IT ALL BEGAN WHEN WE WERE TRAVELLING THROUGH THE CRAB NEBULA... NOT FAR FROM THE PLANET YAMADO...
HELLO? WHAT'S THIS? SOMEBODY'S TRYING TO GIVE US A BIT OF A SHAKING UP!
MASTER! A GRAVITONIC TRACTOR BEAM!
AND THE NEXT THING I KNEW, POOR OLD K-9 WAS DISAPPEARING, RIGHT BEFORE MY EYES...
K-9?
BEAM... BEAM... BEAM... BEAM...
ONLY TO RE-APPEAR A FEW MOMENTS LATER, ON THE SURFACE OF YAMADO...
MASTER?
YOU MINDLESS IDIOT MACHINES! I WANTED THE DOCTOR--- NOT HIS DOG!
CAN'T YOU EVEN CALIBRATE A TRACTOR-BEAM PROPERLY?
GET THE DOG OUT OF THE RECEPTION CYLINDER-- YOU MECHANICAL MORON!
FIRANDEL! YOU TAKE OVER THE CONTROLS-- AS SOON AS THE CYLINDER'S CLEAR, WE'LL TRY AGAIN FOR THE DOCTOR---
BUT...
TOO LATE, ROLGOF-- THE TARDIS HAS ALREADY MOVED OUT OF RANGE!
BY ALL THE DEMONS OF..! DOESN'T ANYTHING EVER GO RIGHT? THE SONTARANS WON'T PAY IF WE--
CALM YOURSELF, ROLGOF -- IF WE HAVE K-9, THE TIME-LORD WILL RETURN IN SEARCH OF HIM -- AND WE CAN BE READY FOR HIM! BUT WE MUST BE VERY CAREFUL---
REMEMBER, ROLGOF-- BEWARE OF THE DOG!

AND SO...
K-9! WE WON'T HARM YOU!
WHY HAVE YOU BROUGHT ME HERE?
IT'S A MISTAKE!
UURGH!
WE WERE TRYING TO CONTACT THE DOCTOR--WE NEED HIS HELP VERY BADLY---
YOU ARE NOT TELLING THE TRUTH!
WHAT?! YOU'RE ONLY A BLASTED MECHANICAL DOG... AND YOU'RE ARGUING WITH ME?
CALM YOURSELF, ROLGOF...
YOU WERE ATTEMPTING TO KILL THE MASTER!
HE'S FOUND OUT... BUT HOW?
TOO LATE FOR THAT! ROBOTS! CAPTURE K-9!!
BUT...
BRAIN DISFUNCTION ...ZSSSK...
BAH! KEEP BACK! I'LL DO IT MYSELF!


LISTEN, YOU STUPID ROBOT... HOLD HIS HEAD POINTING AWAY FROM YOU SO HE CAN'T SHOOT AT YOU... THEN PICK HIM UP AND TAKE HIM AWAY!
VISUAL ORIENTATION CIRCUITS RENDERED INOPERATIVE...
WHERE TO??
ANYWHERE! YOU TIN IDIOT! AS FAR AWAY AS POSSIBLE!
AND SO...
JUST GET OUT OF THE BUILDING AND START WALKING IN A STRAIGHT LINE ...AND DON'T COME BACK!!
OUT OF BUILDING...
WALK IN A STRAIGHT LINE...
DON'T COME BACK...
VISUAL CIRCUITS RESTORED...
PICK YOU UP...TAKE YOU AWAY...
NOT COME BACK... EVER!! ZKRIIKK
MUST GET BACK ... ESTIMATE ONLY FOUR MINUTES BEFORE MASTER ARRIVES!


SENSORS INDICATE OPEN SPACE BEHIND WALL... ANALYSIS: VENTILATION DUCT...
BURN-THROUGH TIME, FIFTY EIGHT POINT TWO SECONDS!
AND WITHIN...
BE READY, YOU TIN IDIOTS! THE TIME-LORD'LL BE HERE ANY MOMENT, LOOKING FOR K-9...
AND BEFORE HE CAN MOVE, WE'LL BLAST HIM INTO SOMETHING UNRECOGNIZABLE!!
KER-A-SHHH!
STUN-BLAST! FULL POWER!!
IT'S BACK! IT'S-AAWKK!!
AND JUST THEN...
HELLO, WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
MASTER?
WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN UP TO, K-9?
THEY WERE GOING TO KILL YOU, MASTER!
REALLY? AND HOWEVER DID YOU FIND THAT OUT, K-9?
THERE WAS NO AIR IN THE TRANSPORTATION CYLINDER WHEN I ARRIVED, MASTER! IF YOU HAD ARRIVED INSTEAD OF ME... SUFFOCATION!
GOOD HEAVENS! THAT'S POSITIVELY WICKED, ISN'T IT, K-9? I THINK WE'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE!
YES, MASTER! ROLGOF WILL NOT BE PLEASED TO KNOW HE HAS BEEN DEFEATED BY A ROBOT!
LET ALONE A ROBOT-DOG!
The End.

BONUS PIN-UP

DAVROS AND THE DALEKS!

PAT MILLS

Pat Mills was born in 1949, and started his writing career in a romantic vein for *Romeo*, a teenage paper published by DC Thompson. From there he went freelance and eventually settled with IPC, for whom he helped create *Battle*, which featured "Charley's War", the only anti-war story in contemporary popular British comic strips, and *2000 AD*, on which he was the first editor. He also wrote "Dan Dare" for *Eagle* and helped establish the ill-fated *Action*.

Mills is currently writing "Nemesis the Warlock" and "Slaine the Barbarian" for *2000 AD*, "Grange Hill" for *BEEB*, and a graphic novel, *Metalzoic*, – a robotic 'fantasia' set 1,000,000 years in the future – for DC Comics.

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DAVE GIBBONS

Also born in 1949, Dave Gibbons began his long involvement in comic art by contributing to fanzines in the sixties and seventies, and then moving onto the British underground comic books of the early seventies, including *Cosmic Comics, Rock & Roll Madness* and *Trials of Nasty Tales*.

In 1973 he became a full-time professional working for IPC, lettering joke pages and ghosting for other artists. He then moved onto DC Thompson, where he tried his hand at an assortment of adventure and science fiction strips for *Hotspur* and *Wizard*.

In the late seventies Gibbons returned to IPC to draw "Harlem Heroes", "Rogue Trooper", the occasional "Judge Dredd" and "ABC Warriors", and the new look "Dan Dare" for *2000 AD*. Then came "Doctor Who" for Marvel UK in 1979, which he drew for the next four years, before turning his gaze and talents toward the US. For DC Comics he has drawn *The Creeper, Green Lantern*, and the occasional Superman and Batman story.

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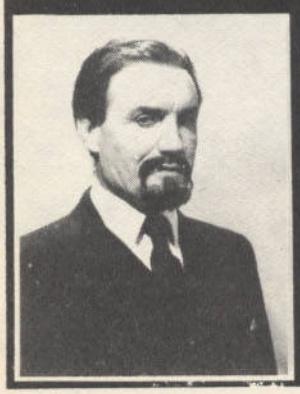

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HAIL CAESAR!
HAIL CAESAR!
OH, YOU'RE TOO KIND... BUT I'M JUST-- THE DOCTOR!

TIMELORD -- BEWARE

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